one he unknowingly built for himself, in taking out to civilize that Western life nigh one hundred and ten Missionaries to the Province of Missouri.

I have not forgotten the sorrow that crept over me when one day going to the College to make enquiries about his illness, before seeing him the Brother Concierge told me, "He is dead." I remember standing by his open coffin in the Church of the University, and thoughts of those dim prairie wayfarings of his rushing over me. His dead hands even then were clasping the Chalice and Paten as though he were still pleading that awful Sacrifice, whilst that death smile upon his face seemed sadder than tears.

A sense of desolation looked out from many faces as the *cortége* left S. Louis for S. Stanilaus, Florissant, in whose little cemetery he rests in peace (I doubt not) with those other Angeli of the everlasting truth, his companions in warfare.

With grateful memory I linger over that bright day in Italy, when the late President of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome (Monsignore Odoardo Agnelli, Bishop of Troy, i.p.i.) spoke of my two former volumes to his late Holiness Pius the Ninth (of happy memory to us who saw him near). The words of His Holiness at that Audience will always remain with me—brave and strong words, bidding me always fight for the Truth.